

News from *Bedlam*, Or,
Tom of Bedlams
OBSERVATIONS,
UPON
Every Month and Feasitval
Time in this present Year, 1674.

With his General Judgment of the State thereof, and what is like to Happen in several parts of the VVorld, with the Grand Causes thereof.

Calculated chiefly for the *Meridian of Great Bedlam*, and the *Cross Walks in Moor-fields*, where the *Pole* is Elevated many Miles above *Sense or Apprehension*.

By *Tom of Bedlam*, Knight of the *Frantick Horn*, and Student in *Mathematical Gimcracks, Whimsies, Anticks*, and others rare *Chymera's*.

Stand back kind Friends, I pray now let me Come,
Now each have Writ their Minds, why not Mad Tom:
My Wits shall Dance like to a Gravesend Wherry,
To please the Wise and make mad People Merrry.

With Allowance.

L O N D O N , Printed for B. H. 1674.

new salt or old salt or as appropriate
about 400-500 ft. below the surface
and about 100 ft. above the fossiliferous
beds. The salt is white, crystalline,
and has a thin skin of gypsum on top.
The salt is derived from the
gypsum which is derived from
the sea water.

Tom of Bedlam.



The Explanation of the Picture.

Had I the Art, to Use the Poets Pen,
So to impart sound Wit to other Men ;
I would advise them, to be Wise and Wary,
And not like me, in all things to misarry.
My Wits and Fancy, through the World do Flie,
And in my Thoughts, I seem to scale the Skie,
Supposing Luna's dry, and fain would Drink,
Calls for her Pot, but like me, hath no Chink.
I wind my Horn that Jacobs Staff doth hold,
And see the Stars all glittering like Gold ;
One my Crois staff, a Quadrat you may see,
But I forgot to set down each Degree :
Upon my Horn, you see an Owl doth sit,
Th'Emblem of most that Almanacks have Writ.
A Scutchin here's, presented by two Horns
That stand a crois, like Mad-mens Crest of Arms :
For want of Horns, my Case I do deplore,
Instead of these, I wish Ten Thousand Score ;
One single Horn here doth supply those Twain,
Which hath two Vents, like to a Mad-mans Brain.
Two Creatures strange, on either side appear,
To catch at *Momus*, when he Scoffs and Jeers.
Another placed over the Crest on high,
Declares his Spungie Brains are almost dry.
A Triangle born up by three Cross Straws,
Shews plain enough the Breach of Reasons Laws.
My Cullers quite above my Heed I Florish,
In the Despight of those that are most Currit :
My Globe's the Earth, which highly I commend,
Even from my Birth, and unto it I bend ;
My feath'r'd Plumes towards the Skie are spread,
In have Ten Thousand Cratchits in my Head.

To the Reader.

If thou Look big, and Read with scornful Eye;
I must proclaim thee full as Mad as I,
The silliest things we know do oftnest Hit,
And best Authors owe more to Luck than Wit,
The World's a Bedlam, all Men run astray.
But every one goes Mad a several Way.

Tom of Bedlam's Observations for the Year, 1674.

*Tom of Bedlam in this Iron Age upon the publick Stage,
Adventure once upon the publick Stage,
Having lien close in Bedlam many a Year,
Come at last quite void of Wit and Fear.
I see the Learned Write, to shew their Wit,
But still their Art doth oftner fail than Hit,
Mad in my mind to hear the People cry,
New Almanacks, new Almanacks come buy;
I thought to Write to shew my simple Skill,
In nimble turning of the Gray-Goose quill :
I mention not any strange Prodegie,
Nor tamper with doubtful Astrologicie.
Others there are whose Books will shew their name,
Which do not treat of Nuns and beauteous Dames ;
They*

Tom of Bedlams Observations, &c.

They spend their time in gazing at the Stars,
And tell us both of Peace and open Wars;
They count the Planets, say they are uneven,
And by Arithmatick find 'um just seven:
Twelve Signs they have appointed to Mans Body,
This makes four a piece, the writer was a Noddy:
Twelve times twelve Signs in London men may view,
You'l then conclude, all that they writ's not true.
I tell you not the Moons each seyeral name,
Nor name the Stars for fear of gaining blame;
Nor the Eclipses, nor no Home-bread Charms,
Except it be young Women in Mens arms:
Nor Full, nor Change, nor both, nor any neither,
Of Frost, of Snow, nor Hail, nor Cloudy weather.
All that is writen may not pass for Lies,
If't be not Truth, you'l find it orherwise:
---- I'm sure 'tis Truth, Laugh and Read it over,
You'l find 'tis Sixteen hundred seventy four.
Marvel not that no Months I here do place,
Nor yet Week-days, I have too little space.
Eclipses certainly there'l be somewhere,
And thirteen Moons within this present year.
Four Terms likewise wi'l be at Westminster,
To ease their Purses, that do love to Jar;
Where not a Lawyer will forsake his Fee,
In stead of one, he rather will take three.
Twe've Months also, for so my Keeper says,
In them Three hundred sixty and five days:
Let me remember, lest I should be shent.
This Year Shrove-Tuesday falleth before Lent;

Tom of Bedlams Observations

There is a day of which I can divine,
Wherein each Lad doth chose a Valentine :
From *Easter* day, two Holy-days do follow,
Young Men and Maids, of Sports will hoop & hallow
The first of *May*, by some fair *Stars* I find,
Young Men and Maids together will prove kind :
Tall towering May-poles in each Town shall stand,
And many Villages within this Land ;
Garlands of Flowers deckt, with Ribonds fine,
Glistering aloft, when th' glorious Sun doth shine :
Where *Pan* the *Piper* plays unto the Rout,
And every Lad doth lead his Lass about ;
To dance a Hay, a Round, a Jige,
In twenty weeks, her Belly is full bigg :
But what strange Physick makes her thus to swell ?
Beshrow my Mule, if I at all can tell.

Observations upon Whitsuntide.

There is another time of Sport beside,
By Youngers, called, Welcome *Whitsuntide* ;
do prefage byth' *Stars* that shine so clear,
Young Men & Maids, shall make both mirth & cheer.
Green Trees shall flourish in some country Towns,
Bumkins will scorn then to be called Clowns ;
Then *Pan* appears, their pleasant Sports to see,
And on his Pipe doth play most merrily :
After each Lad and Lass, their work have done,
Unto the green Tree straight away they run ;
Where every Lad doth take his Lass byth' hand,
Amongst the Rout the which about doth stand.

Upon

for the Year, 1674.

Upon her Lips he doth Imprint a Kiss,
To meet him half the way she will not miss :
Sweet Musick of all sorts doth then abound,
Then hand in hand, they dance the Tree around ;
Then part asunder and Caper so high,
A Man would think they'd Leap into the Skie ;
They Leap and Skip, being in a merry strain,
They meet and Kiss, then Kiss and part again :
Each Lad his Gift oth' Musick doth bestow,
To please his Lass in this Triumphant show :
Poor Tom stands by, beholding this same Sport,
That far surpasses all Delights oth' Court ;
Wishing himself a Partner in that Bliss,
That he might Court the Maids and also Kiss.
E're twenty Weeks be past, Ile lay a Pot,
Some Maids prove sick, if their Bellies swell not ;
Some Lad is forc't to make his Lass his Bride,
For his sweet Dancing at last *Whitunside*.

Observations upon the four Quarter days.

I Do observe that plain it doth appear,
Four Quarter-days there are within the Year,
Which brings to Landlords great joy and content,
When as kind Tenants pays to them their Rent.
March the Twenty Five, I understand,
Is Quarter-day throughout this Famous Land.
The Twenty Five of *June*, as I hear tell,
Is Quarter-day, that pleaseth Landlords well ;
This Year on *September*, the Twenty Nine,
Landlords receive their Rents, and drink good wine.
And

Tom of Bedlams Observations

And upon December, Twenty and One,
This last Quarter like the rest is gone.
Poor tenants case, much I do lament,
Which by no means great dangers can prevent :
I do bewail my own, and others Crimes,
Not gaining Coyn in these sad Iron Times :
When greedy Lions come unto their Doors,
And gapes for Coyn, and soundly at him Roars :
Come Fellow ? Now come pay to me my Rent,
Or else to Prison straight thou shalt be sent :
When as the Tenant these proud words doth hear,
His very heart begins to quake with fear.
Then first of all his Goods are strain'd upon,
Not having left a Bed for to lie on ;
His Wife and Children, tender, sick, and poor,
Half naked, strait are all turn'd out o' th' door ;
Her Husband then in a Prison is Confin'd,
To end his days, to please the Landlords mind.
Tom of Bedlam to such Landlords tell,
That their Reward shall be to Fry in Hell.

His Observations upon the first Week of Christmass.

Upon Decem're, dated the Twenty Five,
Who ever at that Day shall be Alive ;
The Week before shal see much Cattle slain,
The Bodies upon Christmass to sustain,
I do Presage, and e're Pronosticate,
There will be Feasting, both Early and Late ;
With Cards and Dice, throughout this Land shall be
In great esteem, with High and Low degree :

for the Year, 1674.

Four Kings together to each House shall come,
And be esteemed both of all and some ;
And shall be seen all in one Company,
And much admired o' all the standers by.
Four Queens likewise, with their best Habits on,
The more to please the Eyes o'th lookers on :
Then four brave Fellows, deckt in Collors fine,
Wait them upon, but yet they drink no Wine ;
You may know them from amongst twenty score,
For by their carriage, they are Knaves all four :
And every three of these, ten Fo'lowers have,
All deckt with Collors very Fine and Brave.
I should first have begun with the New Year,
But I poor Tom, was dreaming of good Chear ;
How that Tenants send their Landlords Gifts,
That need them not, both these and other shifts ;
Each Messenger a Gift doth then receive,
Of Gloves and Ribonds, which their Lord doth give.
They stay and Dine, and Sup, before they part,
God bleſſ such Lords that wins the Tenants heart :
Tenants will Thrive under such Landlords, when
They rack not Rents, but are kind loving men.

Of the four Quarters of the Year.

Now if Diana certainly wear Garters,
This present Year will surely have 4 Quarters,
Winter, Harvest, Summer, and Spring time,
Excuse poor Tom that knows not how to Rhime ;
In these Quarters such varieties there be,
Of Railers of each Sex, and each Degree :

Which

Tom of Bedlam's Observations

Which caus'd a Frenchman for to break his Nose,
Also the Tears to trickle down his Hoose :
In this Conflict brave Gallent men shall die,
When it come to pass, you'll know't as well as I.

Of the Twelve Months, first of January.

I Have observed by great Care and Trust,
The days herein are One and Thirty just ;
This Month begins the first day of the Year,
When men and women dance and make good chear.
Great Fires I'me sure, will be in great request,
Strong Ale and Beer wi'l surely be opprest :
Warm Beds, hot Broths, good Chear is all in fashion,
Both in London, and throughout this Nation.
Cooks shops and Ordinaries, are now in motion,
The Gallants at the Wine shew great devotion :
Shop-keepers every one will wear his Gown,
Both in the City, and in each Free Town.
And let me now, to speak the truth be bold,
The Weather seems not hot, but extream cold :
There's one thing more the which I greatly fear,
Fagots and Coaks will be exceeding dear.

Februaries Observation.

I Have observed by eating Pork and Pease,
This present Month hath Eight and Twenty days ;
One thing remarkab'e, I'll not let pass,
The second day is called Candlemass,
The twenty four is Mathias.
This Month resembles the last Month before,

Trading

for the Year, 1674.

Trading begins for to Revive the Poor
Shop-keepers, now do gather by their Gain,
And to the Poor do then Return again ;
They fill their Shops exspecting a rich Spring,
To vent their Wares great Profit home to bring.
One thing byth' way, to note, I'le now be bold,
The Weather seems to be exceeding cold :
Methinks I see a strange Out-landish Fire,
That's kindled betwixt a *Nun* and a *Frier* :
'Tis pleasant sport when *Mars* and *Venus* be,
United both by this Afinity :
Both *Friers* and *Nuns*, they all creep close together,
To Fast, and Loose, or both, or chose you whether.
The zealous *Monks*, that seem to be most pure,
As I love Life, do love a Lass I'me sure.

His Observations for March.

SEveral varieties of Strange Alterations in
this Month, cometh to pass in divers places
of the World, either in Europe, Asia, Africa, or
America, if it happen that Mars and Luna be in
conjunction ; for some will be so deep in loves
with their Idols, that they dote upon, though they
hade Eyes they will not see, and Ears yet they
will not hear, having Noses but smell nothing,
Wits and perceive nothing, having a Heart but
can feel nothing ; which seemeth by my Astrolo-
gical Rules gathered out of the Learned Writings
of those most Excellent and never to be forgotten
Autho^rs, Jack Adams, Hobbedibqoby, and
Poor

Tom of Bedlam's Observations

Poor Robin : That Old Men that habs Young
Wives will be mads Cuckolds, Youths be be-
soil'd o. Beauty betraide, Wealth will be wasted,
and Virtue will be dishonoured; and that Lambs,
Pigs, Calves, Geese, Ducks, and Chickens,
shall either live till they be at their full Age, or
be kill'd to eat whil're they are young ; and also
that a Horse is no Man, o2 a Cock no Hen, a
Goose no Gander, and a Bull na Cow, and a
Boar is na Hewe.

The Weather oft will alter with the VVind,
And those can nothing see that are stark Blind.
Brave News ariveth rom beyond the Seas,
VVhich *English* Men, and *English* hearts doth please:
The *Dutch* so stout, before our Fleet doth bend,
They'll have the Rout, and thus this Month doth end.

April's Observations.

THIS Month the Earth beginneth green to show,
Adorn'd with Grass & Flowers, that thereon grow
Soft and sweet showres, upon the Earth doth fall,
Rejoycing the hearts of Men and Beasts, and all.
Sweet singing Birds do make such Harmony,
With most sweet Notes, and warbling towards the
Pleasing to God, and also to Mankind, (Skie ;
No Musick like to this to please the mind :
Part of this Month, perhaps it may prove warm,
But a good Fire will do a man no harm.

By reason that March is not in April, it pro-
duceth these and the like effects, that some will
dances

for the Year, 1674.

Dance the Trenchmore without a Piper, and some
can take no rest for sleeping, nor eat a full meat
after their Bellies be full, nor run fast when
they are not able so to stand: nor a Scolding
woman to be quiet 1/2 fourteen hours in every
day: Nay, maz it teacheth a Fool to flattery,
a Knave to lyse, a Whench to dance, it makes a
Wouldier valonrous, a Courtier wanton; it
will make a Wiser man a fool, and a fool quite
out of his wits.

Young Lawyers now, shall lay aside their Books,
And tempted be by some fair *Venus* Looks:

Mars will be angry, and will draw his Sword,
Vulkin to him small sucker will afford:

Cupid from *Venus* shall the Trevant play,
And's soundly whipt for shooting his Shafts away.

Mays Observations.

This Month begins jocundally, Old Men and
Women rejoices because they put their Cat-
tel to Grass, young Men imbrace their sweet-
hearts, going a Maying; the first day in the
morning is so cold, that the young men cover
the Maids with several green Cloves, and to se-
cure their own hands from the cold, thrust them
into the Maids bosoms: The first day is spent
in Mariances of Sports, as I told you before.
Some News more then ordinary this Month
both provinces; First, there will be such a fall of
Snows, that except they be young and fat, very
little

Tom of Bedlams Observations

Little money will be bidden for them; Hackney Horses will hardly be worth their meat, many houses hath such Dogs, that no Beggar dares come near their doors; no sooner is the Mouse at the Cheese, but the Cat hath her by the back; some Maidmarians will be gotten with Child in their sleep, and the Hobby-horse will be mad that the soul must be the Father. There is great talk of setting up several new Taverns, but it is Tobacco that will vent the old Hack; much Gibterish is spoken, so that our own Mother Tongue is quite forgotten; Usurers are hale mad for lack of Lent for their Money; Law was never more out of use, nor men more out of Money; Women put Men quits out of Countenance; a Pot of Ale will be worth a Penny, and the Knave of Clubs will still make ones in the Stock.

This Month doth end when June it doth begin,
Of some one side the Knave oth' Clubs will win;
There is more Knaves by Sea and Land,
Then all the World beside can well withstand:
A due sweet May, and eke fair Maids farewell,
Good Friers, I pray, let Nuns pass to their Cell.

Junes Observation.

This Month produceth a most strangs differ-
enes between December, January, and this
Month; for those that used then to cry Sprats,
Oysters, fresh Herrings, and gray Peasle, do
now

